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THE TOMB OF YEARS.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

I.

Upon the tomb of years the monarch bent,
To read the epitaph of human things;
'Twas written on the time-worn monument:
Sceptres and crowns lie mouldering here with kings.

II.

Next, crowned with laurel-wreaths, the hero came,
And paused in silence o'er the mighty grave;—
He read: Time spares not glory, spares not fame;
Beneath this sod their plumes no longer wave.

III.

The man of countless treasures then drew nigh,
And trembled as he stooped to scan the doom
Of the rich man — and heaved a hollow sigh;—
He read: Wealth cannot bribe the impartial tomb.

IV.

Beauty, arrayed in all her youth and charms
Fixed her dark eye upon the grave of years;
And when 'twas written: In Death's icy arms
Beauty must fade—she melted into tears—

V.

The christian knelt — and reading, that beneath
The tomb of years, crowns, plumes, and treasures lie,
And beauty fades away—looked upon death,
As the mere prelude of eternity.

VI.

Yes, o'er time's sepulchre, amid the gloom
That gathers round the place where ages sleep,
FAITH, heavenly FAITH, will mitigate our doom
And HOPE her vigils o'er our ashes keep.

MEDIEVAL LITERATURE.

An Address, delivered before the Madison Society, of Norfolk, Virginia.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER L. HITSELBERGER.

THE history of the middle ages is attracting the attention of the present century; and a period, which it was once fashionable to regard as covered with the darkest ignorance, is beginning to be represented as it really was, full of lights and glorious achievements. Mr. Hallam is entitled to our thanks for the researches which he has laid before the world on this subject. For he, not being a Catholic, will not be suspected by the general reader of wishing, for special purposes, to give a false colouring to his historic picture of those times. The members of *our* church owe an immortal debt of gratitude to the beautiful, graphic, and prolific genius of Mr. Digby, who, in his "Ages of Faith," brings up to our contemplation the heroic virtues, splendid deeds, and undying productions of literature and art, to which the middle ages gave birth.

In the address before us, the Reverend orator has made a synopsis, as it were, to which it would require folios to do justice. But his synopsis is excellent, his address eloquent, and the whole performance becoming the pure mind and classic attainments of one, who ranks high among the *elves* of the venerable "Mountain," and conspicuous among the clergy of his country. The Reverend Mr. Hitselberger is an American priest: and it affords us singular delight to lay before our readers the efforts—such as the present particularly—of native ecclesiastical talent. He enters into his subject-matter, in the following language:

In choosing a period among epochs distinguished by singular aspects of mental improvement, the question suggests itself, in adjusting rival claims of pre-eminence, whether this improvement is dependant on fixed, primary laws, and uniformly progressive, in defiance of adverse circumstances and uncongenial times; whether heaven, in partial kindness, has assigned cycles of excellence, when genius flashes out upon a dazzled world; and knowledge more widely diffused, from the intrinsic energy of its possessors, entitles them to the palm of precedency over all competitors. As regards modern times, between the loud pæan, rung eternally in in our ears for the *march of intellect*, and the unequalled glory of our generations, rendering us giddy with complacency and arrogant in pretensions; and on the other hand, the sickly charges of degeneracy, from the proud station of other days, and the intellectual achievements of our fathers, I wish to offer no demurring voice, to claim no umpirage. Whilst I would not detract a luminous particle from the splendor of later centuries, but rather gaze with abiding admiration on the names emblazoned on the rolls of fame; whilst I behold with delight the gems of truth, sparkling like rubies in the coronal which graces the head of genius; whilst I rejoice in our affinity with illustrious orators, poets, artists, and philosophers, and claim a partnership in the monuments which they build up for posterity. I acknowledge, around us, the evidences of continued improvement in the arts of civilization, in physical science, in the aids which they dispense to add to the comforts, elegancies, and luxuries of life; to extend the rudiments of general knowledge beyond the confines, to which from divers hostile causes they had been limited. But whilst I am prompt to pay a just tribute to modern genius, I am free

to confess, that, undazzled by its brilliant honors, uncaptivated by its specious claims of universal excellence, as its sole appanage and reward, I look affectionately through the dim vista of by-gone days, and with filial gratitude and reverence, fear not to call myself "*laudator temporis acti*"—a eulogist of the past. Not, indeed, in the spirit of invidious rivalry or indiscriminate praise, do I devote my present thoughts and solicit your attention to anterior times: to those *middle ages*, which seem so little understood, and so selfishly unprized. If we walk among their relics of pristine glory, and gather the literary memories which cluster around our path, it is simply that we may vindicate the giant labors of old; that, with singleness of heart, we may give honor where honor is due: like wanderers in the deserted city of Zenobia, who admire the sculptured capitol and classic shaft, still graceful in their primitive proportions, and beautiful, though in their fallen state; perfect in their architectural character, though no longer erect and harmonious, in the unity of the ancient temple which they adorned.

The *middle* or *dark ages*, as they are called in popular language, comprise the space of a thousand years: from the 6th to the 16th century: from the invasion of France by Clovis, to the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII. They are called dark, from the long night of ignorance and barbarism which succeeded the bright day of Roman refinement and knowledge,—a night broken by fitful gleams, serving like beacons on a wild and dismal coast, to render the obscurity more palpable, as they stream over the gloomy waters.

But before I proceed to exhibit the merit of medieval literature, and the successive efforts of superior men, to dispel the physical and social evils which clouded the mind of Europe, it may not be uninteresting to pass in review, some of the events which proved so disastrous to the cause of letters. Long before the final overthrow of the power of the Cæsars, a melancholy declension was perceptible, from the eminence of the Augustan age. The haughty descendents of Romulus, had degenerated from their original nobleness; and shaking off the severe and irksome discipline which had made them the lords of the universe and masters of science, they studied only the enervating arts of a luxurious civilization. All patriotic motives were merged in selfishness. The Senate prostituted its power to promote the lawless interests of the aristocracy; the plebeians, utterly venal and corrupt, were content to barter liberty for largesses of corn and continual shows; and Rome, rife with factions which wasted its native strength, was at length subdued by the iron arm of a military despotism. Even at an early period, Horace, himself a sensualist of the epicurian school, inveighs against the pervading profligacy of society, inimical to the progress of mind. But it was mainly under the successors of Augustus, in the empire, that the march of corruption and the parallel decline of liberal studies were accelerated. Juvenal, at the sight of these social mischiefs, indignantly exclaims:

> "Quis ferat istas
> Luxuriæ sordes? ————————
> Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
> Posteritas. Eadam cupient facientque minores.
> Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit."—1 Sat. 130.

After hinting at the causes of the decline of learning, which must be familiar to the reader of history, the Reverend orator arrays before us a host of glorious names, which burst from the gloom of the times of darkness, in the east and west. He judiciously introduces the subject of monastic institutions, and the use of the Latin tongue in the liturgy of the church. The view he takes from the twelfth century down to the ever-memorable reign of Pope Leo X, is extremely interesting and correct.

In the 12th century, the fire which had been kindled in the latter part of the preceding age, burst out into a bright and enduring flame. Schools of philosophy, academies, universities were established in different portions of Europe. The most distinguished of these were the Universities of Paris, Oxford, Bologna; and in the next century, Padua, Naples, Toulouse, Monpelier, Cambridge, and Salamanca. Some idea may be formed of the repute of these institutions and the increased love of letters, from the fact, that, at Oxford, under Henry III, 30,000 students attended; at Bologna, 10,000; at Paris, 25,000. Paris was famous for its scholastic theology; Bologna and Orleans for jurisprudence; Montpelier for medicine. Whilst the Italian university was celebrated for its jurists, Irnerius and Accursius, the French capital, called by the writers of the day another Athens, offered a powerful attraction to scholars, in the renowned leaders of the schoolmen. Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Abelard, St. Thomas of Aquin, and St. Bonaventure, who had been preceded in England by the illustrious Archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm, and Lanfranc. Nearly at this time flourished Roger Bacon, an English monk, whose name has been transmitted to posterity, with every title to our admiration and respect. He was well versed in Greek and Hebrew, and wrote Latin with extraordinary elegance and perspicuity. But it was his remarkable discoveries in physical science, which gained him immortality; discoveries in optics, chemistry, &c., which led to mighty results in later times, in the hands of those, who, without scruple, appropriated his merits and his fame.

We pass to another important cause of the advancement of learning; the development of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, which had been fashioned out of the Latin. Whilst the North of France had its *langue d'oil*, the South possessed its flexible and harmonious *langue d'oc*, or Provençale, the nearest approach to the Latin of all its derivatives, which, for an age embodied the very soul of poetry. It was the language of the Troubadours, those minstrel knights, whose name is eloquent of the palmy days of chivalry. On the beautiful shores of Provence, Languedoc, and Guienne, among luxuriant pastures, lovely valleys and the green hills of the fertile Cevennes, the high spirited nobles of France lived in the magic circle of the gallantry of the age, and the glory of arms. His vocation was picturesque incident and hazardous exploit. He was ever prompt at the very first blast of the trumpet, to leap, mail-clad, upon his barbed steed, and win in the lists of amicable warfare, the palm of victory: or to rush, with waving plume and upborne pennon, into the fiercest melee of battle, where crested helms went down, and the green sward was crimsoned with gentle blood. But when he quitted the tourney, or tented field, and doffed his armor for silken robes, he was the model, the prince of refined and lofty courtesy. He received his guests in baronial halls, amid the proud memorials of ancestral fame; or in lady's bower, or under the shade of citron groves, or on the verdant lawn and enamelled meadows, he poured forth with manly voice the rich tide of epic song; or with trembling harp, eager for the *arret d'amour*, he chaunted the sweet and delightful lyrics, the dulcet sirventes of the South.

"Sang ladye-love and war. Romance and knightly worth."

"The beautiful spring delights me well,
Where flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds sweet chorus flowing,
In echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scattered around,
Pavilions and tents on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see, on the level plain beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned."(1)

(1) Sirvente of William de St. Gregory.

It was natural that the Provençale literature should exhibit the impress of these high toned feelings; that chivalrous character of gallantry, colored by the richest tints of gothic imagery; that elegance and refinement which seemed embosomed and at home, only under its mellow and gentle skies. It nevertheless had its influence abroad. It awakened Europe to a sense of poetic beauty; it opened castle and palace to the itinerant bard, and gained him a charmed ear among the wealthy and the noble. Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other gallant monarchs, would fain invite to their courts the Provençale knights, to instruct them in the usages and ceremonies of chivalry; and harmonizing with the English minstrels and minne-singers of Germany, to teach them to tune their rude harps and ruder tongues to the melody of the South.

Beyond the Pyrenees, in the kingdoms of Catalonia and Arragon, where the dialects were essentially the same, as the *langue d'oc*, or Limousin, there was given to literature a congenial impulse. It was felt also in Castile. Their traditional minstrelsy, stimulated to heroic deeds, and bound in holy league against the infidel, the gallant knights of Spain. The poem of the Cid, (with which the Castillian may be considered to have begun) composed in the 12th century, familiar to every tongue and ear, and recalling the proud achievements of this dauntless chieftain, animated every heart and nerved every arm. The reign of John II, enriched the literature of Castile, and was notable by the labors of three eminent *Savans*, the Marquis of Villena, who translated Dantes' "Commedia" into prose, and is said to have given the first example of the version of the Æneid into a modern language; the Marquis of Santillana, "the glory and delight of the Castilian nobility," who wrote his native *redondillas* with inimitable grace and sweetness, and naturalized in Castile the Italian sonnet; John de Mena, the most conspicuous of the three for his poetical talents, who gave a new aspect to Castilian poetry, and in his "Laberinto" delineates with a *Dantesque* vigor and simplicity. The Moorish wars, teeming with wild adventures and valorous feats, with stirring emprises in castle and field, on land and flood, and sanctified in the heart of the Spaniard by religious sensibility, when—

> "Red gleamed the cross and waned the crescent pale,
> While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail"—

became themes of triumph for the sons of Pelagio, and of touching plaints for their accomplished, but less fortunate foes. It is for this reason that the Moorish ballads are justly considered among the richest treasures of pure and natural poesy. The reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is an epoch memorable in literary records. The language was greatly cultivated and improved; academies and schools were established. The palace was opened for scholastic exercises, to the children of the gentry; and the proudest grandees of the realm, feeling as Giovio says, that "no Spaniard was accounted noble who held science in indifference," did not disdain to lecture among the eminent professors who taught in the universities of Salamanca, Seville, Toledo, Granada, and Alcala. High born ladies caught the genial flame, and, with persuasive eloquence, occupied the chairs of knowledge.(1) Then do we obtain the *Romaunts* of chivalry, after the model of Amadis de Gaul, which were in every hand. At first they were confined within certain limits, but afterwards filled with exaggerated sentiments, incredible events and deeds, they prompted to mad exploits, till the genius of Cervantes, with an exorcist's spell, laid the spirit of Quixotism forever. I regret that I have not time to exhibit the expansion of mind produced by these early productions of the lyric muse, the renewed taste for letters, and the beneficial influence exercised by the Spanish institutions on the public mind. I must refer you to the pictorial pages

(1) Prescott, Vol. II.

of our own Prescott, who, though short-sighted from early prejudices, displays in his classic history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the rich fruits in Castiltan literature, the result of their fostering care: the felicitous progress of mind in the Southern peninsula.

In Italy, which, trodden under barbaric foot, lay prostrate among her fallen temples and polluted shrines—

"With loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath."

We see the cheering symptoms of returning life: the heathful movements of a renewed spirit. The poets of Lombardy had modulated and softened their harsher dialect by the delicious strains of Provence; but, at length, the Tuscan bards, casting off the shackles of a foreign literature, asserted the rights of their native tongue, and charmed the world with its exquisite melodies. Luminous and pre-eminent in the heaven of bright thoughts, amid the splendid galaxy which accompanied him in his glorious course, shines the Etruscan Dante, the author of the *Divina Commedia.* His genius perfect and sublime, like Miverva leaping from the head of Jove, springs into vigorous life, among the fierce turmoils which distracted the Florentine Republic. Elevated in thought, tender and impassioned in sentiment, energetic in diction, stately and measured cadence, he rules us with the resistless power of his great epic,—and awe-struck in his presence, and reverent before the majesty of the spirit which he evokes, we tread with him mysterious realms, gazing with speechless wonder, not unmixed with delight, upon the grandeurs, which he unveils—

"Res atâ terrâ et Caligine mersas."

He is justly esteemed by his countrymen the creator of their poetical language, and the father of Italian poetry. Florence, which expatriated him whilst living, and vainly craved his bones when dead, bowed before the divinity of his genius; and paid him the posthumous, but merited honor of appointing a professor to explain the excellencies of this great original work; an honor enhanced by the choice of Boccaccio, the author of the Decameron, whom Byron calls "The bard of prose, creative spirit!" He accomplished by his numerous writings that improvement in the prose literature, which Dante had effected in its poetry. Their companion in glory, and one of the benefactors of mankind, we salute Petrarch, the bard of Vaucluse, the crowned poet laureate of Rome, the friend and supporter of Rienzi, the last of the Romans. With a heart of exquisite sensibility, captive to all generous affections, and tremulous under every impulse, like the harp of the wind, from the slightest breath he murmurs forth in plaintive tones, or utters in passionate bursts of harmony, the emotions of nature or religion, which sway his breast. No man was more popular in Europe, or won higher honors by his poetic labors. We find in his Italian verses many classic characteristics, which give them the vigor of antiquity and the freshness of modern times. His sonnets and canzoni are much esteemed. They exhibit a sweetness and elegant softness; the "*molle atque facetum*" of Horace. Unable at present to speak but incidentally of English literature, I mention the names of John Gower and Geoffrey Chaucer. The former abounded in the learning of the age, and wrote upon a variety of topics with perspicuous language and versification often harmonious. He improved the vernacular tongue, and excited a taste for letters. Chaucer was the greatest of English poets during the middle ages; and is considered the inventor of English heroic verse. He was an imitator of Boccaccio and the Troubadours; and the first to introduce the spirit and fictions of chivalry into poetry. His Canterbury tales are distinguished for variety of char-

acter and liveliness of description. His *Court of Love* is the oldest poem in English now extant.

It is not only for the cultivation of the Italian language that Petrarch and Boccaccio deserve the praise of the literary world. Their great, unremitting and successful efforts to revive classical literature, to bring from the darkness in which they had long been buried, the pictured pages of Homer and Tully, of Virgil and Livy, entitle them to our lasting gratitude. Their glorious work was ardently pursued by the Italian scholars, Poggio, Gasparin of Bergamo, Victorin of Feltre, Leonard Aretin, and others. It was their ambition to discover manuscripts, and lay open to Europe the treasures of Grecian and Latin lore. Thus enriched by their labors, and enlightened by their instructions, the Italians were prepared for the teaching of the Greek scholars, who, on the downfall of Constantinople took refuge in western Europe. Emanuel Chrysoloras, who had visited Italy as ambassador of the Byzantine court, followed in the steps of the accomplished Barlaam and Leontius Pilatus, the instructors of Petrarch and Boccaccio. And with Cardinal Bessarion, Theodore Gaza, George of Trebizond, Gemistrus Pletho, and others of their learned countrymen, taught in the principal schools of Pavia, Venice and Rome. Bringing with them many manuscripts of the ancient authors, which their education qualified them to expound and illustrate, they met with a brilliant reception from the potentates of Italy. The accomplished Medici, the merchant dukes of Tuscany, Cosmo de Medici, the "Pericles of Florence," and Lorenzo the *magnificent*, offered ample inducements to the illustrious exiles to settle in their dominions. Italy then produced her distinguished Hellenists: Guarini of Verona, Poggio, Leonard Aretin, John Aurispa, Filelfo, Vergerio. Traversari, &c. At Pavla, Turin, Ferrara and Florence universities were established; whilst throughout Italy collections were zealously made of monuments, coin, medals, inscriptions, and vases, illustrative of ancient times. The patronage of the Popes, Eugenius IV, Pius II, Nicholas V, shed a special lustre on classic erudition. The last, who founded that stupendous library, the Vatican, gave every encouragement to scholars by the appointment of professors of Belles Lettres; by liberal rewards for classic compositions; by a zealous quest of ancient manuscripts. In fine, under Leo X, son of Lorenzo the magnificent, the munificent friend of letters—whose exertions in their cause we learn abundantly from the work of Roscoe—the labors of the past seemed crowned with complete success.—

> "But see each muse in Leo's golden days,
> Starts from her trance and trims her withered bays:
> Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
> Shakes off the dust and rears his reverend head."

We congratulate the Madison Society, upon the pleasure and instruction they must have derived from the delivery of this beautiful address; and indulge the hope that the author will not permit his pen to rest with this.

ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF D. MOHLER.

BY MAXIMILIAN OERTEL.

The Abbot of Bec, being very old, Anselm had charge of all the spiritual and temporal affairs of the monastery. He was often invited by other Abbots to edify their monks with the unction of his solemn discourses. When we consider this, we may easily comprehend why Anselm once went to the Archbishop of Rouen, beseeching him, with tears, that he might be allowed to resign his priory; for he had lost, he said, his peace of soul by so many different occupations, and could no longer bear the burden of his office. But the pious and experienced Bishop replied: "My beloved son, do not withdraw thyself from the care of others, desiring only to care for thyself. I have seen and heard that many, from a desire of rest, became unwilling to take any more care of the spiritual welfare of others, and thus sunk themselves deeper and deeper into sloth. Lest therefore the same may happen to thee, I command thee by holy obedience, not to resign the priory without the consent of the Abbot." Anselm remained in Bec.

After the death of Helluin, Anselm was chosen Abbot by the monks. But he would by no means accept the honor, though urged exceedingly not to refuse. He threw himself on his knees before them, begging that they would rescue him from this burden; but the monks having charged him with self-love, which, they said, caused him to prefer his private interest to the common welfare, he finally accepted the dignity—having also been advised to yield by the Archbishop, in the year 1078.

The sentiments of Anselm, concerning the duty of an Abbot, we read in a letter which he wrote to his friend Paulus, the Abbot of St. Alban in England. (Epp. I, lxxi.)—"Glory to God on high, who was so pleased with thy life in concealment, that he has exalted thee publicly to be an example and a guide for them, who, as pilgrims and guests in this world, are longing for heaven; it being also the gracious will of God, that the joy of many whom thou hast gained for heaven, may increase the joy of thy reward. Thou hast received a call in the land of barbarians, and although thou canst not yet be useful in teaching on account of the language, yet thou will not be excusable before God, if thou dost neglect to win others to Him. For, what thou canst not do by word, thou canst do by example, which will make a deeper impression on the mind than words without a pious life. Endeavor to gain the hearts of all by mildness and compassion, and avoid too severe and rigid justice, that thou mayest be more beloved than feared. They who are given to thy care, must rejoice that they have received a father and a shepherd; and not mourn for having been committed to a tyrant and a despot. They must be joyful that a counsellor and helper from God has come amongst them; and not complain that a man coveting the goods of others, an unhappy persecutor has fallen amongst them. Take care of the temporal things which are committed to thee, so as not to forgot the law of God. Thy prudence will

influence thee to beware of them who can injure thee; and thy simplicity will prevent thee from injuring others, as it is written: *Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.* And in keeping thy possessions do not forget the word of the Lord: *He that has the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels against him, how does the charity of God abide in him?* I do not write this as if I harbored the opinion that thou wouldst ever act differently, but because thou hast applied to me for admonition."

It often happened that some, trusting in the simplicity of Anselm, endeavored to damage the monastery. The Abbot, however, showed that he was not only simple, but, also, prudent. He saw through the most artful plans which were contrived; and entrusted the care of the temporal concerns of Bec only to such men who were honest and virtuous.

Anselm spent his time in praying, studying, and instructing the inmates of Bec. Eadmer praises especially his hospitality. Oftentimes, when he had nothing more to give to the pilgrims, he begged from the monks. He always endeavored to recreate them by his hilarity and cheerfulness.

Some of my readers who probably were accustomed to look upon the times of scholasticism, as upon the "dark ages," in spite of the word of Christ—"I shall be with you till the consummation of the world," will be astonished to find so much in Anselm that is highly interesting, and may become curious to know something about the moral instructions, which, as Eadmer relates, he gave in Bec.

This just desire we can easily gratify, a treatise being still extant, in which Anselm gives a full and entensive explanation of his principles of morals. He says: "All arts and sciences have a first or approximate, a last or final end. Thus, a man who will become a good artist undergoes willingly all labors, dangers, and expenses. The former is neither afraid of heat nor cold; he conquers the resisting earth by frequent ploughing, that he may make the land fertile, and thus arrive at his final end, which is a rich harvest. The merchant does not fear the dangers of the unsafe sea, and the soldier quits his home and hazards his life: the former led on by hope of gain, and the latter by that of honor, as the final end of all their labors. Thus, also, we have a final end: life everlasting. For the Apostle says: *You have your fruit unto sanctification, and the end everlasting life.*" Rom. VI, 22. The proximate end is the purity of heart, which the Apostle calls sanctity, by which the last or highest end—eternal life—is to be attained. Purity of heart, must, then, be the principal object of our labors. For this reason we do and suffer all; for this reason we have left our parents and our fatherland, and resigned all honors, riches and earthly desires; it being necessary that we preserve continual purity of heart. For, if this is not always before our eyes, all our endeavors and labors are vain and fruitless, because our souls not having a firm intention, are every hour and moment moved by the variety of exterior objects, and thus can never attain their final end. It must, then, be the principal

object of your whole life to devote your spirit to God and to heavenly things. You must deem it unfaithfulness even for a moment to cease from the contemplation of Christ. All depends on this, that the soul turn herself within; when satan is driven out of her, when sin governs no more therein, then the kingdom of God will be established in her. For it is written in the Gospel: *The kingdom of God is within you.* And the Apostle says: *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but justice, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*"—Rom. XIV, 17. He, therefore, is, without doubt, in the kingdom of God, who possesses these holy virtues. But they who live in injustice, enmity, and discord, are certainly in the kingdom of the devil, hell, and death. And every one, christian or monk, who commits (mortal) sin, denies God, and is by no means his servant, whose laws he disregards," &c. In these and the following words, Anselm shows that sincere mildness and chastity, of heart, and unaffected active charity are fruits of the holy spirit in men; virtues which must adorn the monk. [See Tract. Ascetic Tom. III, Spicileg; and *Novum supplem. S. Alselmi.*

HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. J. P. DONELAN.

Say, wearied pilgrim! in this vale of grief,
Can nought give comfort and impart relief?
Where sorrows gather round the youthful way,
Say, what dispels them into happy day.

The pilgrim paused—and glistening tear drops fell—
"Come hither child," he said—"and list thee as I tell—
"Life is a dream—this world a desert wild—
"'Tis Heaven alone, can fill the heart my Child!"

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER II.

But there are among the writers of a good class, some who have been guilty of a secret error on this subject, which, I think, deserves to be detected. They see, in the prosperity of the wicked, and the sufferings of virtue, a strong proof of the immortality of the soul—or, what amounts to the same thing—the punishments and rewards of the other life. They are consequently led, without perhaps perceiving it, to shut their eyes to those of this world, for fear of weakening the proofs of a truth of the first order, on which the whole edifice of religion reposes. But I dare think they are wrong. It is not necessary—nor, do I think, permitted—to disarm one truth in order to arm another. Each truth can defend itself, alone: why make concessions which are not necessary?

Read, I request you, the first time you have leisure, the critical reflections of the illustrious Leibnitz, on the principles of Puffendorf; you will find there in proper terms, that the punishments of the other life are demonstrated by this fact: that it has pleased the Sovereign Master of all things *to leave, in this life, the greater part of crimes unpunished, and the greater part of virtues unrecompensed.*

But think not that he leaves to us the trouble of refuting this position. He hastens, himself, in the same work, to refute himself with the superiority which belongs to him. He expressly acknowleges, *that, even in making an abstraction from the punishments which God decrees in this world, after the manner of human legislators, he would not show himself less the legislator in the other life—since in virtue of the very laws of nature, which he has enacted with so much wisdom, every criminal is an* Heautontimorumenos.(1)

A better term could not be used. But tell me, yourselves, how is it possible that *God, having decreed punishments in this life, after the manner of legislators, and every criminal being, in virtue of the natural laws, a* Self-Executioner, *the greater part of crimes remain unpunished?*(2) The illusion I have just alluded to, and the force of prejudice, here plainly discover themselves. I will not attempt to place them in a strong light before you, but I will cite another writer still greater in his style, and whose ascetical works are incontestably one of

(1) *Self-Executioner;* the title found in a well known comedy of France. The venerable author of the *Evangele Explique*, has said with as much talent as authority: *a guilty heart always takes against itself the part of divine justice.* Tom. III, 120 med. 3 point.

(2) *Leibnitzii monita quædam ad Pufendorfii principia*, opp. Tom. IV, part iii, page 277. The most grave thoughts of this great man have been, brought within the reach of all the world in the book equally well conceived and executed. *Pensees de Leibnitz*, Tom. II, page 296 and 375.

the handsomest presents that talent has made to piety—Father Berthier. I remember that on these words of the Psalm: *A moment, and the impious man will not exist; you will seek his place and will not find it,* he observes that if the prophet had not in view eternal happiness, his proposition would be false. *For,* he says, *good men have perished, and the place which they inhabited on earth is not known: they did not possess riches during their life time, and we do not see that they were more quiet than the wicked, who, in spite of the excess of the passions, seem to have the privilege of* HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

We can hardly conceive how so deep a thinker could have suffered himself to be so blinded by the vulgar prejudice: *good men,* he says, *have perished.* But, no one, I suppose, has ever maintained that good men are never to die. *We know not the place which they inhabit on earth.* Of what consequence is this? But is the tomb of the sinner better known than that of the just—all things being equal between them—birth, occupation, and mode of life? Were Louis XI, or Peter the Cruel, more celebrated or rich than St. Louis and Charlemagne? Did not Suger and Ximenes live more tranquilly, and, after death, are they less celebrated than Sejanus or Pombal? What follows: *the privilege of health and long life,* is perhaps one of the most terrible proofs of the power of a general prejudice over minds the best fitted to escape them.

But the case of Leibnitz is that of Bertheir also—and must be of all writers of this sort—they refute themselves with a strength and perspicuity worthy of them, especially Berthier, with an unction worthy a master, who disputes the palm with Fenélon in the science of a spiritual life. In many parts of his works, he acknowledges that even on earth there is no true happiness except in virtue; that our passions are our executioners—*that the abyss of happiness is found in the abyss of charity*—that if there existed an *evangelical* city, it would be a place which angels would admire; and we should quit every thing to contemplate that abode of blessed mortals. Full of these ideas, he addresses God—he says: *It is then, true, that besides the felicity that awaits me in the other life, I can likewise be happy in this?* Read, I request you, the spiritual works of this learned and saintly personage: you will easily find the different pages I have in view, and I am quite sure that you will thank me for making you acquainted with them."

"Avow, at once, my dear Senator," said the Chevalier, "that you wish to entrap me and engage me in reading your favorite authors. Surely your proposition is not addressed to your *accomplice,* who smiles. However, I promise, if I begin, to begin with Father Berthier."

"I exhort you with all my heart," returned the Senator, "not to delay. Meanwhile, I am rejoiced to have shown you the mistakes of science and sanctity, which, reasoning with the crowd, have strayed from truth by a noble motive: but returning soon after, led on by evidence, have retracted in the most solemn manner.

Behold, then, two very manifest errors: error of pride which tramples upon evidence itself, to sustain its evil objections;—and error of virtue which is mistaken in the effort to enforce one truth at the expense of another. But, there is likewise, a third error, which should not be passed over in silence:—that of the multitude of men who incessantly speak of the *success* of crime, without knowing the definition of happiness or misery. Hear the misanthrope, whom I shall make speak for them:

> By sordid means 'tis forced into the world;
> By them with splendor georgeously adorned
> It makes worth blush, virtue complain;—and yet
> Its rude grimace is every where beheld,
> 'Tis welcomed—wakes the laugh—and worms itself
> In every corner: is there any place
> Disputed by intrigue?—the honest man
> Comes baffled off . . . . .

The theatre pleases so much, because it is the eternal accomplice of all our vices and all our errors.(1) An honest man would not dispute a place by intrigue; much less by violent steps. We hear it constantly said: *office, rank, and distinction, are enjoyed by men who do not deserve them.* First, nothing is more false: and again, by what right are these things styled *good?* You just now cited a charming epigram, Chevalier. *He merited the office, in every respect,* HOWEVER *he obtained it.* Were this meant to cause a laugh, nothing could be better: but if we would reason, it is another thing. I should like to offer you a reflection which came to mind, the other day, whilst reading your admirable Bourdaloue, but I am afraid of being again treated as an *illuminé.*"

"Why *again!*" asked the Chevalier; "I never said that. I merely observed, that, if certain men were to hear you, they would treat you as one of the *illaminative.* But there are not such men here: and if there were, and though our discourse was to be published, we should not be embarrassed. What we believe to be true, we must say boldly." . . . . . .

"If ever you should be enrolled in an army which Providence is now raising in Europe," returned the Senator, "your place would be among the grenadiers. But what I wished to remark is, that the other day, in reading one of the sermons of Bourdaloue, I fell upon this passage, which he sustains without any restriction: *that it is not permitted to ask for an office.*(2) At first, I confess, I looked upon that proposition as a mere counsel, or one of those ideas of perfection which are useless in practice, and passed it by. But, afterwards, in reflecting on it, I did not fail to find in the text the subject of a long and serious meditation. Certainly a great part of the evils of society pro-

(1) . . . . *Paucas Poetæ reperiunt fabulas ubi boni meliores fiant.* (Plaut. capt. in Epil. —)

(2) The great orator, in this passage, has evinced, perhaps, too much severity. (See Serm. Sur *l'Etat de vie* and *contre L'ambition*, Part I.

ceed from the depositaries of authority, badly chosen, but the majority of them are the work of ambition. If all awaited the choice, rather than compel it by every possible means, I believe the face of the world would be changed. What right has one to say, *I am best calculated for such an office!* for that is what they say who demand places. What an enormous responsibility do they not take upon themselves? There is a secret order which they expose themselves to throw into confusion. I go farther; I say that every man, if he examines carefully himself and others, and all circumstances, would well know how to distinguish between those who are *selected*, and those who *force* their way to promotion. This includes an idea, which, perhaps, may appear to you paradoxical; treat it as you please. But, it seems to me, that the existence and march of governments cannot be explained by human means; more than the movement of bodies by mechanical means. *Mens agitat molem.* There is in every empire a *governing spirit*, which animates it, as the soul animates the body, and which produces death when it departs from it."

"You give a new, and, it seems to me, a happy name to a very simple thing," said the Count, "which is the necessary intervention of a supernatural power. It is admitted in the physical world, without excluding the action of secondary causes: why not admit it, likewise, in the political world, where it is not less indispensable? Without its immediate intervention, we could not explain, as you well remark, either the creation or duration of governments. It is manifest in the national unity which constitutes them. It is in the multiplicity of wills which concur to the same end without knowing what they are doing—thus showing that they are simply *employed;* it is above all in the marvellous action which makes use of that crowd of circumstances which we name *accidental*, of our follies even, and our crimes, to maintain order, and often to establish it."

"I know not whether you have caught my idea perfectly," returned the Senator; "it matters not, however, for the present. Supernatural power once admitted, in whatever manner it is understood, we may well confide in it. But it cannot be too often repeated, we would often deceive ourselves much less on this point, if we had more correct ideas of what we call *goods* and *happiness*. We speak of the success of crime—and we do not know the meaning of *success*. What appears happiness, is often a terrible punishment."

"You are entirely in the right," the Count replied; "man does not know what is most for his good: and philosophy itself has perceived this since it has discovered that man of himself cannot pray, and that he has need of some divine instructor who must teach him what he should ask for.(1) If sometimes virtue appears to have less talent than vice, to obtain riches, offices, &c.—if it is awkward in all sorts of intrigues, so much the better, even in a temporal point of view. No error is more common than that of considering a blessing what is a curse. Let us

(1) It is not necessary to cite the passage of Plato, which has been quoted by a thousand writers.

never envy crime; leave it to its sad prosperity—virtue has its fortune: it has all that it is permitted to desire—and even had it less, nothing would be wanting to the just man—for there would remain peace, peace of heart! inestimable treasure—health of the soul—charm of life, which supplies the place of every thing else, and for which nothing can be a substitute. By what inconceivable blindness does it happen, that this escapes our observation? On one side there is peace, and even glory: a good reputation, at least, is the inseparable companion of virtue, and one of the sweetest enjoyments of life; on the other, there is remorse, and often infamy. In this all the world agrees. It has been placed in its fullest light by a thousand authors; and still, men reason as if they knew it not. Still we cannot but contemplate, with delight, the happiness of man, who can say, at night, before he lies down to sleep: *I have not lost a day!*—who does not see in his heart any hateful passion, any criminal desire; who sleeps with the certainty of having done some good, and awakes with renewed strength, to become still better? Strip him, if you choose, of all the *good things* which men so ardently covet, and compare him to your *happy man,* to the powerful Tiberius writing from the Island of Caprea, his famous letter to the Roman Senate,(2) and it will not, I think, be difficult to decide between the two situations. Around the wicked, I fancy to behold incessantly all the hell of the poets: TERRIBILES VISU FORMÆ: *devouring cares; pallid diseases; ignoble and precocious old age; fear, indigence, false joys of the mind; intestine wars; avenging furies; black melancholy; slumber of conscience; death!* The greatest writers have labored to describe the inevitable sting of remorse: but Perseus particularly strikes me, when his energetic pen makes me hear, *during the horror of a profound night,* the voice of a guilty man troubled with frightful dreams, dragged by conscience to the moving border of some bottomless precipice, crying out to himself: *I am lost! I am lost!* and, to perfect the picture, the poet represents Innocence sleeping in peace, by the side of this tormented wretch."

"Truly, you frighten the *Grenadier,*" jocosely remarked the Chevalier; "but, see another of their contradictions, which we every day remark. All the world speaks of the happiness attached to virtue, and all the world speaks, likewise, of that terrible punishment, remorse. But, it would seem that these truths are mere theories: and when there is question of reasoning about conscience, they are forgotten, as though in practice they were nothing. Nevertheless, in this, there is error and ingratitude. Now, that I have reflected on the subject, I find it extremely ridiculous to complain of the misfortunes of innocence. It is precisely as if we complained that God rejoices in rendering virtue unhappy."

"Really," said the Count, "Seneca himself could not express himself better,

(1) "What shall I write to you, conscript fathers? or how shall I write, or should I not write at all? If I know myself, may the gods and godesses cause me to perish more horribly than I feel myself perishing daily!" (Tacit. Ann. VI, 6.)

Chevalier; God, in effect, has given everything to men whom he has preserved, or delivered from the vices.(1) Thus, to say that crime is happy, and innocence unhappy, in this world, is a true contradiction in terms. It is to say, that poverty is rich, and opulence poor. But, such is the nature of man. He will always complain, always argue against his Father. It is not enough that God has attached an ineffable happiness to the exercise of virtue: it is not enough that he has promised it incomparably the largest portion in the general distribution of the goods of this world: those foolish minds *whose reasoning has banished reason* will not be satisfied: they absolutely require that their imaginary just man be quite impassible: that no evil can happen him: that the rain cannot wet him; that the mildew will respectfully stop at the limits of his field; and that, if by chance, he should forget to shut his gates, God would be bound to send an angel with a flaming sword to defend them, lest the *fortunate* robber should come and steal the gold and treasures of the JUST."

"I find you disposed to joke too, Mr. Philosopher," said the Chevalier in good humour, "but I will take care not to quarrel with you, for I fear a retaliation. I am perfectly willing to admit, that in this case, pleasantry may find place in the midst of a grave discussion: for, nothing could he imagined more unreasonable than that the absurd pretension, which supposes that every just man must have been steeped into the Styx, and rendered inaccessible to all the strokes of fortune."

"I do not exactly know what *fortune* means," rejoined the Count, "but I avow, for my part, that I see something still more unreasonable than that which appears to you the excess of unreasonableness. It is that unreasonable folly which dares found its arguments against providence on the miseries of innocence *which does not exist.* Where then, is innocence, I pray you? Where is the just man? Is he here at this table? Great God! who could believe that such an excess of delirium could exist, if we ourselves were not witnesses of it, at every moment? Often do I think of that part of the Bible where it is written: *I will search Jerusalem with lamps.*(2) Let us have the courage to search our hearts *with lamps*, and we would not dare pronounce without blushing, the words *Virtue*, *Justice*, and *Innocence.* Let us begin by the evil which is in us, and we will grow pale in casting a daring eye into the depths of this abyss. For it is impossible for us to know the number of our transgressions; and not less so to know to what point, such and such a guilty act has injured the general order, and opposed the plans of the eternal legislator. Let us next think of that frightful communication of crimes which exists among men—*counsel, example, approbation, concurrence;* terrible words on which we should meditate without ceasing. What sensible man could think without shuddering, on the disordinate action which he has ex-

(1) Omnia mala ab illis (Deus) removit: scelera, flagitia, et cogitationes improbas, et arida consilia, et libidinem cacam, et alieno imminenentem avaritiam. (Ter. de Prov. c. VI.)

(2) Soph. I. 12.

ercised on his fellow men, and the possible consequences of this fatal influence? Man is seldom guilty alone: one crime is rarely not followed by another. Where are the boundaries of responsibility? Hence that burning text which glows through a thousand others in the book of Psalms: *Who can know the extent of his prevarications? O God! purify me of those which I am ignorant of, and pardon me for those of another.*(1)

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!
BYRON.

FAREWELL, my friend, a long farewell!
How long we part no tongue can tell;
Perhaps while many a year shall end—
Perhaps to never meet again.

If this our fate, if heaven decree
That we no more each other see;
Then I must say farewell my friend
'Till life's short journey here shall end.

Our childish days, the chains that bind
In friendship's tie, the heart and mind,
I think of now: and cannot tell,
A keener word, than is FAREWELL.

Our dreams of bliss! the happy hours
Have been like summer's fading flowers.
As fleet, alas! as life is brief,
And the remembrance wakes my grief.

Youthful thou art, thy brow is fair,
No trace of grief is written there;
My prayer is, may it e'er remain,
But friendship's wish is all in vain.

Thou mayest possess a noble mind
Enriched by science, true, refined;
May all prove true to thee my, friend,
And every blessing toward thee tend.

And when I lie in my clay bed,
And numbered with the lowly dead,
Shouldst thou still linger from above
Wilt thou not sing the song I love?

One more request, and then I leave
A last adieu—my heart doth grieve
And my request, though short it be,
Is this: WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?

(1) Delicta quis intelligit? ab occultis meis munda me, et ab alienis parce servo tuo. Ps. XVII. 14

LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

SECOND SERIES.

" C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux: nous ne leur disons point: croyez—mais examinez."
Essai sur L'Indifference.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &c. &c.

LETTER X.—READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Your last very beautiful letter mentions, Ada, that you have received as a present from Aurelia, a neat volume of the Sacred Scriptures. Oh my dear friend, let that holy book be your inseparable companion—read it over and over—meditate upon it, and pray to God to inspire your heart with the dispositions which should guide every good christian in the perusal of the "Book of Life."

"What then?" methinks I hear a certain "professor" exclaim, "do you allow the Catholics to read the Bible! is it not an article of your faith to keep it from the common eye—and to retain it only on the shelves of your libraries in the original languages, stamped with the *imprimatur* of some grand inquisitorial authority! Sir, if you contend that all your people have a right to read the Scriptures, you go counter to the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church!"

Notwithstanding the wonderment of that "theological professor," and all his faithful adherents, I do, in very deed, rejoice, Ada, that Aurelia has sent you a copy of the Scriptures, in the Douay translation: and most earnestly do I repeat my advice, that you study it by day and by night:

"Noctumâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

The *use* of the Bible is encouraged by our church—the *abuse* of it, condemned. The meditation of the life of Christ, of his sublime maxims, and his divine institutions, nourishes the mind with spiritual things, and fills the heart with religious emotions. But to allow every reader, young and old, learned and illiterate, grave and gay, the unqualified right to derive from the sacred text whatever meaning their capricious imaginations may suggest, and to acknowledge this right, as the sole rule of christian faith, is what the wisdom of the church will never approve,—must ever condemn.

To show that the discreet use of the scriptures has always been enforced, not a Sunday passes, but the clergyman reads from the pulpit a portion of them in the English language, for the edification of the people. In the mass of every day in the year, the Priest recites a part of the gospels, and epistles—and his breviary is composed of passages from the Psalms, and other books of the ancient testament, and from the different writings of the new. This breviary is distributed into various parts, adapted to every day, which, unless in case of necessity, he cannot in conscience omit. With justice therefore, did St. Ambrose style the Bible the *Sacerdotal book*. And the Council of Trent requires that all Pastors comply with the *first of all their duties*, of *preaching the gospel* to the people.

It has sometimes struck me, Ada, that the Bible resembles our Constitution—indeed it may be styled the constitution of the church. All the Judges and officers of government must be conversant with that constitution: must understand all its intricacies—must be able to expound them to the people. It is not however, necessary, that all men should be as familiar with the difficulties of the scriptures, and the solution of them—with the genius of the time in which the scriptures were written, and with the original languages from which the English is translated. It is enough for them to have in their families a copy; and no family should be without it; and to peruse the prophecies and the new testament particularly, with a spirit of faith, humility, and obedience.

Do all Americans, think you, Ada, pretend to be as competent to understand the spirit and bearing, and precise meaning of the constitution, as the Judges and Lawyers of the land? Were this the case, there would be no necessity for those officers. Well, the language of that constitution is English, the vernacular tongue of the country; and written but a few years ago; within the recollection of some who are still living, and nevertheless, it is evinced by daily experience, how little uniformity exists in the inferences, and practical import, derived from its interpretation: how infinitely more difficult must not the genuine meaning of the Scriptures, written so many centuries ago---in a quarter of the world where every thing—imagery, figures, idioms, allusions, customs, manners,---differed *toto cælo*, from every thing we are accustomed to, and that characterizes us a nation.

And yet every individual of our age presumes to claim an undoubted *right* to interpret the sacred volume: it is an inborn, natural, inalienable prerogative of black and white, slave and master! and the church that dares to raise a salutary barrier against the torrent of abuses which rush from this source upon the world, is designated as an arrogant, and anti-christian combination. The Jews, by an express order from heaven, were forbidden to read certain books of the Bible, before they attained their thirtieth year. Those same books are now perused by children of thirteen! What is the consequence?

"Aristarchus of old," writes the very learned Walton in his prologomenon to the Polyglot, "could hardly find seven wise men in Greece: but amongst us, it is difficult to find the same number of ignorant persons. They are all doctors, and divinely inspired. There is not a fanatic, or a mountebank, from the lower class of the people, who does not vent his dreams for the word of God. The bottomless pit seems to be opened, and there came out of it locusts with stings; a swarm of sectaries and heretics, who have renewed all the heresies of former ages, and added to them numerous and monstrous errors of their own." This is the language of a Protestant. I am aware that the gentleman of the little chapel will not subscribe to it---but what is *he* compared to Walton.

Mark, Ada, in your intercourse with your friends of different denominations, how each one quotes the Scriptures, and makes them prove their respective tenets. Soon the same text is made to support propositions the most contradictory---and

yet each one clings with the tenacity of his undisputed right, to his own notions, his own interpretation. Florentine is a Presbyterian, and quotes scripture in defence of her creed. Laurentia is an Episcopalian, and quotes scripture in *her* vindication. Louisa is a Quaker----and with the scriptures in her hands rejects the necessity of baptism. Priscilla is a Baptist, and proves immersion from the Bible. Agnes is a Unitarian, and relying upon her interpretation of certain texts, rejects the divinity of Christ. Is it not so Ada? Does not your own observation test this fact----and does not this strange conflict of opinions----this manifest confusion of inferences, drawn from the same book, speak volumes to the reflecting and enquiring mind. I know what effect it will produce upon yours. Courage therefore, my fair friend; *festina lente* in your determination----but sacrifice not for all the world might promise, the convictions which reason will approve, and heaven reward.

There have been fanatics, Ada, who, in reading the Bible, imagined they discovered in themselves the identification of certain extraordinary characters recorded in the sacred volume. The annals of history, traced by the genius of fidelity, who blushes while she writes, present numberless instances of such dupes and impostors. The Gnostics, who branched out into a variety of ramifications, in the very first age of Christianity, produced several "monsters," who blinded themselves so far, by the misapplication of scripture, as to fancy themselves greater than the prophets, nay the "word divine:" and not one of them was without disciples----who referred to scripture in vindication of their absurd and impious reveries.

What will not the abuse of scripture effect! revolutions, bloodshed, carnage impiety, confusion, abomination---have sprung from the misconstruction of the holy book, which, properly understood, breathes nothing but union, peace, charity, love of God and man, virtue and sublime religion.

"Lord Clarendon, Mr. Grey, Dr. Hey," writes the author of the *end of Controversy*, "agree, that the misapplication of scripture was the cause of the destruction of church and state, and of the murder of the King in the great rebellion. I am confident," he adds, "that the Bishop, (Dr. Proteus,) would have taken the Bible out of the hands of Hugh Peters, Oliver Cromwell, Lord George Gordon, &c. &c."

Certainly Ada, Dr. —— himself would have taken it out of the hands of Johanna Southcot, Emmanuel Swedenborg, and the monstrous impostor of our own days—Matthias.

The indiscriminate right of interpreting the Bible, has caused the most lamentable evils. Ward writes:

> "This brought ten thousand sects among 'em . . . .
> And raised up in all places preachers;
> Hammond and Kett set up for teachers.
> Carlisle, and Bannister, and Glover,
> Did each a different sect discover.

So Hacket, Arthington, and Brown,
Had different faiths, each man his own.
And so had Harrison and Barrou
And Snape, and Wigston, Payn and Sparrow.
Another sect did more approve
Of H. N.'s *family of love*, &c. &c.

There is much sound sense in the hudibrastic lines of Ward, Ada. He wrote to suit the taste of his age—the substance of his "Cantos" must be interesting to all times. He proves one fact at least, that the word of God cannot inspire hundreds of religionists with contradictions and impieties.

ADIEU.

We publish in this number, the first part of an Italian Poem, by a valued correspondent, together with a translation. In the next, it will be concluded.

DESTRUZIONE DI GERUSALEME.

DAL REV. S. SANTELLI.

CANTO.

I.

Degli alti accenti il Sinai
Suona del Dio: riscossa
Trema la terra, e il Pelago
Le sue grand acque ingrossa.
Per le campagne eteree
Mugghia l'orribil tuon.

II.

D'onde colà lo strepito
Degli Elementi d'onde?
Iddio parlò: dai secoli
Il tutto a lui risponde:
Curva la fronte l'Erebo
Di quella voce al suon.

III.

Seco non porta in l'aere
D'un Dio la voce il vento,
Chè non si rade sillaba
Mai del divino accento;
Vedrà la terra attonita
Sion come crollò.

IV.

Ramenterà ha perfida
La prisca ira feroce,
Del divin Sangue il gurgite,
L'inalberata Croce,
I lumi che si spensero,
Natura che tremò.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

(TRANSLATION.)

I.

From the high tops of Sinai
The voice of God resounds:
The earth is shaken—and the sea
Swells o'er its ancient bounds,
Throughout the plains afar, deep rolls
The thunder, roaring round the poles.

II.

Whence comes this uproar from the sky—
This elemental noise?
God speaks—and from eternity
All things obey his voice:
Dark Erebus his proud head bends,
As earth the eternal vengeance rends.

III.

He sounds amid the astonished air
Amid the fleeting wind,
And not a whisper, far or near,
Is heard, of any kind,
Save that which breathes of vengeance dread
While Sion bows her trembling head.

IV.

'Tis time to avenge the ancient crime—
The perfidy which hung
The just one on the Cross—'tis time—
Heaven's wrath on old and young
Must soon be spent—the Sun shall fail,
And Nature, once again, shall quail!

v.

Non sempre ingenti Eserciti
Sono al trionfo segno,
Chè mal si affronta erculea
Possa in divino sdegno:
Di vile greggia immagini
Di tepido pavor—

vi.

All' alito di zeffiro
In sull' Aprile verde
Come si estolle il turbine
Si estolle e si disperde,
Tal cadde Gerosolima
In mezzo al suo fulgor.

vii.

Rotte le vesti, sordida
Quell' egra Donna il piede,
I lieti giorni memora,
E attroce man la fieda;
L'idea dei ben che furono
E spada al cor letal—

viii.

Di Sion deserte piangono
Le vie pompose un giorno;
Son cervi i Prenci, timidi
Senz' altro paseo intorno:
Sol' spaventoso ahi! mormora
Un gemito feral.

ix.

Non piú sfavilla etremola
Il prisco fuoco: é tolto
Il primo ardir: di gelido
Terror dipinto il volto:
Trabocca il core in lagrime,
Si pasce di sospir.

x.

Dov'é l'onor di Solima
E di Giacobbe il vanto?
Stese eterna caligine
Il suo funéreo manto:
Spenta è del dì ha fiaccola,
I fuochi in ciel morir.

xi.

Bianco il crine di cenere,
Deserti, abbandonati,
Cinti di ferro i lateri
I Padri al suol prostrati;
Di Nazaret le Vergini
Chinan le luci al suon.

v.

Armies in numerous ranks arrayed
Are sometimes not the sign
Of triumph—oft their power displayed
Is struck by wrath divine—
And like a flock of sheep they're driven
Before the dreadful ire of heaven.

vi.

As if amid the April air—
The zephyr's gently breath,—
A whirlwind fraught with fell despair
Should rage and scatter death;
So suddenly did wrath o'erwhelm
The fated, lost JERUSALEM!

vii.

Her garments rent—her figure lorn—
Sion's sad daughter weeps:
And well in sackcloth may she mourn
As ruin o'er her sweeps;
And as she thinks of ages blest—
The foeman's sword is at her breast.

viii.

The ways of Sion, dark and lone,
So pompous once and bright—
In solitary sorrow grown—
'Mid desolation's night:
The Princess is a captive now,
The widow's wreath is on her brow.

ix.

Gone is the fire that burned within
Her breast that once beat high:
Pale on her cheek her once fair skin—
Tears swell her once meek eye—
Ah me! how changed—her joy is spent—
Her fate—are grief and banishment.

x.

Where is the pride of Solyma?
And Jacob's glory, where?
Gone from the scene—their brilliant day
Is wrapt in darkness drear:
And ruin's mantle folds their pride:—
Their power and loveliness have died.

xi.

The aged men—(their hoary hair
Sprinkled with ashes,) lie—
Prostrate upon the earth—and there
Bound with rough fetters, sigh:
The virgins squallid, in their grief,
Weeping around, know no relief.

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS.

BY FELIX VARELA, D. D.

In the chapter of the *Soirées of St. Petersburgh* inserted in our last number, the reader may observe that the Count de Maistre admits *innate ideas*, and treats with great severity the defenders of the doctrine, which the new school of *spiritualists* sarcasticly calls *sensualism*. Neither I nor the learned translator of that work ought to be considered as bound to defend whatever it contains, for such is not the duty of a translator, and much less of the editor of a paper, wherein any work is inserted; and therefore we did not think it necessary to make any remarks. However, upon reflection I find it necessary on my part to express my sentiments on this subject., less some may suspect that I have given up my opinion expressed in my *Leciones de Filosofia*, and that I have become an *innatist*.

Far from me such a thought. How can I believe that there is in the human mind an innumerable multitude of ideas, which are not a *knowledge*, or that they are an *unknown knowledge*. This means as much as a square circle. But suppose that there are such ideas *not ideas*, and that at the pleasure of the defenders of such system, they are *excited* or made known as the occasion requires it—by which agent are they excited? By God? Such excitement cannot be but a real production of the ideas, and therefore, they were not previously produced or *innate*. Indeed, what can be this excitement? If it be only to move or excite the soul to form the ideas without giving the notion of the object, how can the soul form it, or give to herself the knowledge not only of this mysterious affection previously unknown, but also of its correspondence with the exterior object? If the exitement be a production of the ideas, for what purpose are they previously *stored up* in the soul? Would it not be enough to produce them on the occasion? Is God in need of their stored up ideas, or rather seeds of ideas as if they were mere plants?

But suppose that the soul is excited by the senses to form or rather to know the ideas, (already existent being innate,) will the senses give the notion to the soul? This would lead these philosophers where they do not like to be lead to, and it would prove moreover, the *inutility* or at least *no nececessity* of innate ideas. But if the senses give no notion, how can they direct such excitement, or point out a determined idea existent in the soul, and with which they have neither connexion, nor similarity? The system of *innate ideas*, appears to me a mere series of assertions, without any other proof but the fear that the opposite system might lead to materialism. Such fear is ungrounded, and it rests upon very incorrect reasonings, namely:—these, the senses, give origin to the ideas; hence, the senses *form* the ideas, and there are material realities. The materialists, all of them, teach that the ideas come from the senses, and a great

many who sustain this doctrine, become materialists; hence, this doctrine leads to materialism. Ridiculous as these reasonings may be, they are the ground of all the alarm of the innatists. Suppose we tell them that the senses give existence to the innate ideas that were *as dead*; and from that we conclude that the senses form them, direct them, and know them, and that all this leads to or rather is real materialism. The innatists would think us too prejudiced, or rather they would laugh at our reasoning and fear. We serve them just in the same manner, wonder that the *innatists* do not pretend to prove that the material objects which surround us have no influence whatever on our ideas; by reasoning in like manner according to their logic, and saying, if the material objects would influence in our ideas, they would be in some measure their origin, and being their origin, they would form ideas, and there would be material qualities. Perhaps Malebranche did reason in this manner when he concluded that we cannot know the existence of the surrounding bodies, except by an operation of God, equivalent to revelation!

Let us go a little farther in the investigation of the system of the *innate ideas* stored up, as I observed, in our soul, that is in a spiritual substance—without places or recesses! If such be the case, it appears that either God will furnish very differently these *spiritual stores*; or a great many of the articles will never be of any use. Indeed, the objects presented to one man during his life, are very different from those presented to another, and consequently the excitements are very different, and the *innate ideas* of objects never to be seen by a man, would be totally useless to him.

This system presents another difficulty, as to the works of imagination. If they do not come originally from the senses, but are *innate*, or at least their material or constituent parts are such, where do they come from? It cannot be said that they are *excited* or suggested by God, according to the actions of the senses, for these are not in operation, nor were they as to the work *imagined.* They are not *excited* either according to the will of our soul, because the soul can have no will before the knowledge of the object. Hence, they must either be excited by the Lord without any occasion or concurrence of our soul, or they must be excited by the soul according to the impressions formerly received from the senses, and in consequence to our will of *inventing* without knowing yet what would be the result of our invention. The first position is nothing but an ungrounded assertion, which moreover brings the Lord as the author of many crimes which man would not have committed, had not the ideas been communicated to him without his concurrence; and the second position destroys at once the system of *innate ideas*, for such system supposes that the soul does not produce such ideas, but that they are the work of the Lord, and the soul is *merely passive* as to them.

The patrons of this system have nothing in view but to avoid *materialism*, and to satisfy their minds, it being impossible for them to explain how the ideas

are excited by the senses, or how can these spiritual actions be derived from material sources. As to the fear, they may give it up, considering that the source of a thing is not always of the same nature with it; so the motions are caused by the soul and the soul is not moveable, and as to their difficulty in explaining the effects, they should consider that no system is properly grounded if it has no other proof than the difficulty of explaining the effects without it, for these would never come to any thing more than a mere probability; which often is totally destroyed, (as in the present case,) by some other insuperable difficulties.

Speaking of the defenders of the system, sarcastically called *sensualism*, the Count de Maistre says with more bitterness than prudence: "Has it ever been your fate, either by accident or weakness, to find yourself in bad company? In this case, as you know, there is but one word to be said: QUIT IT—for as long as you are there, we have a right to laugh at you; not to use a harsher term." The Count may laugh as he pleases, but he will certainly grant the same privilege to others, and therefore, by the way *of advice*, I will transcribe the following from the Dublin Review, in the article entitled *Simonisim*, published in January, 1838, page 147.

But during the restoration, incredulity assumed a new form; for the rising generation tired and disgusted by the obscene immorality of the 18th century, were gradually adopting under the guidance of M. M. Royer Collard, Benjamin Constant, Guizot and Cousin, a system of spiritualism, which was more elevated, if not less hostile. These were unanimous as the impossibility of governing any nation without the assistance of something in the shape of religious doctrine; and indeed they went so far as to admit that their great, if not only objection to the Catholic faith, was that its tenets were no longer appropriate to the wants, habits and knowledge of the present generation. They soon expressed a desire to see the appearance of a religion which should be more in harmony with modern civilization; and they even went so far as to predict that human intellect would ere long discover a doctrine which should be independent of all revelation, and demonstrable in the same manner as a mathematical truth, and in which men would find a rule for their belief and their morals, which would be more consistent than the gospel, with the progress of modern intellect. Two things are particularly remarkable in the writings of that period. In the first place, according to the eminent men whom we have mentioned, the practical utility of a moral and religious doctrine should be considered as a proper criterion of its truth; so that the same worship may be true during a certain number of ages and may cease to be so at a later period, when no longer in conformity with the well understood interests of the human race. In the second place, unbelief, though excellent when it serves to destroy a religion which has lasted its time, is nevertheless, what Robespierre, La Revilleire, Lessaux and Napoleon had believed it to be—an inevitable cause of destruction to the country where it takes up its abode.

Considering that it is ridiculous (to say the least) to call *bad company* that of the sensualists as long as St. Thomas is numbered among them, the learned Count de Maistre endeavors to make us believe that the angelical Doctor taught that our ideas are not original from our senses. Strange pretension! Few moments of impartial reasoning would have been sufficient to perceive the illusion.

The style of St. Thomas is remarkable, as the same Count de Maistre tells us, for *perspicuity and precision, strength and laconicism.* Consequently, it is impossible to believe that his disciples, for near seven centuries, did not and do not understand him. But there has not ever been, nor is there a single *Thomist* who did not and does not believe that, according to the doctrine of their master, all our ideas are originated from our senses; and therefore it is what we may call a moral demonstration that St. Thomas taught such doctrines. If he did not, why did Descartes attract so much attention when he revived the doctrine of Plato, as to the innate ideas?

The proofs that the Count de Maistre brings to persuade us that St. Thomas did not teach that our ideas came from our senses, are very strange indeed; and so much so, that I must confess that I scarcely could believe that I was reading a work written by one of the luminaries of the age, when I perused the following: "He (St. Thomas) hesitates not to *decide that intellect in our present condition comprehends nothing without an image.* (Is this consistent with innate ideas?) But hear him disserting on the mind and ideas. He distinguishes carefully the *passive intellect*, or that power which receives the impressions of the *active intellect*, from the intellect properly called, which reasons on the impressions. The senses knew but the individual: the intellect alone rises to the universal" . . . the senses enter not at all into this operation, (of generalizing) they *receive the impressions and transmit them to the intellect;* (this is exactly what the sensualists say,) but the intellect alone can make them *intelligible.* The senses are strangers to every spiritual idea, and they even are ignorant of their own operation; the light not being able to see itself, nor to see that it sees.

Because St. Thomas distinguished the *passive* from the *active intellect*, he did not believe that our ideas come from our senses! What a conclusion! Is it not so drawn by the Count de Maistre? On the contrary, St. Thomas calls the one a *passive intellect* because it receives the impression from the senses, and the *active intellect* generalizes and reasons. This is precisely the doctrine of the sensualists. Who ever said that the senses knew anything, or that they reason, or generalize? It has only been said, what the Count de Maistre at last affirms, that is, that *the senses transmit the impressions to the intellect.* Certainly they do not form the ideas, but they are as the light, which does not see, but is necessary in order that we may see. And nothing else has ever been taught by the sensualists, who justly claim St. Thomas as their patron.

From the above, the reader, no doubt, will think that I am a sensualist. So I am, as far as I cannot admit innate ideas, at least as they are commonly explained. But I am not a defender of any system on the subject of the origin of our ideas, for I am convinced that all the philosophers must either agree upon this point, or all of them must teach an *evident error*: at least, in the view of any man of common sense, who is not influenced by a *philosophical prejudice.* This I will prove in our next No. by considering the matter according to the three principal systems admitted among philosophers.

THE HERALD OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. J. P. DONELAN.

Herald of the Cross, whither goest thou?

I go to announce the glad tidings of salvation, to a world redeemed from death.

Blessings attend thee, Herald of the Cross!
Herald of the Cross, whither goest thou?

I have buckled on the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith; and I go to wield the cross of Christ in the cause of suffering humanity; to dispel the lowering clouds of idolatry by the bright effulgence of gospel truth; to combat in the sacred cause of religion against the embattled enemies of heaven.

Blessings attend thee, Herald of the Cross!
Herald of the Cross, whither goest thou?

I have knelt at the altar of God, and have called on heaven to record my vow. And I go to ransom the captive daughters of Zion, and break the chains of the people of Israel; for the daughters of Zion weep in bondage, and there is none to cheer the heart of the lonely exile.

Blessings attend thee, Herald of the Cross!
Herald of the Cross, whither goest thou?

I have wandered mid the shady bowers of youth, and listened to the melody of the murmuring streamlet; but the bowers of pleasure, and the gentle music of the streamlet's wave brought no joy to my soul; for I thought of the people of God who pine in distant lands;—and I go to console the child of sorrow, to comfort the daughters of affliction; to dry the tear from the weeping eye, and to cause the smile of joy to succeed the gloom of sorrow.

Blessings attend thee, Herald of the Cross!
Whither goest thou, Herald of the Cross?

I have felt the fond and trembling embrace of a weeping father, and the deep full throbbings of a mother's saddened heart—a sister's tears have fallen on my cheek, and a brother's arms have clasped me fondly to his breast;—but I rushed from that father's arms, and I have felt the last throb of that mother's bleeding heart, that sister's tears I heeded not, and no more shall I feel that brother's fond embrace: for I thought of the pagan father who knows not God, and the Indian mother who knows not heaven. I remembered the sister who never heard of a Saviour's love, and the brother's heart that is never warmed by the glow of religion. And I go to bear that Pagan father to his God; to tell the Indian mother of heaven. I go to reveal a Saviour's love to that lone sister; and warm that brother's heart with the gentle fire of religion.

Blessings attend thee, Herald of the Cross!

PURGATORY.

BY CAPT. DOUGLASS, U. S. N.

We do not any where find in the sacred writings that the Jewish doctrines relative to a future state were condemned or censured by our Saviour; for his instructions on this subject were plainly illustrated by allusions to the popular belief. In the 5th chapter of Matthew mention is made of the Gehenna of fire, and in the 16th chapter of Luke we read of Abraham's bosom. Both these places were believed to be a part of Hades, or the invisible world; a vast region in the centre of the earth, where the souls of the just and the unjust were detained till the coming of the Messiah, or till the resurrection. For the classical meaning of the Greek word Hades, I would refer to the Iliad of Homer, and for its scriptural meaning to the Septuagint Bible and Greek Testament. In both these authorities the meaning is nearly the same.

The Greeks and Romans had their Elysium and Tartarus, situated beneath the surface of the earth, and therefore called the infernal, or lower regions. Elysium was the abode of the souls of good men after death. Here it was they received the reward of their good actions, but however great their merit, they were not admitted to the society of the good, nor did their good deeds in this life open to them the gates of heaven.

The Hades described by Josephus agrees in its general outlines, with that which we gather from the Greek and Latin poets. It is a subterranean region where the light of the world does not shine, where souls are confined, to whom temporary punishment are distributed by angels who have them in custody. In this region is a place of unquenchable fire, in which none have yet been cast, and which is reserved until sentence is passed at the day of judgment on the unjust, the disobedient and the idolatrous, who are to be punished everlastingly in this lake of fire. On the contrary, the just, who have also been confined in hades, but not in the same place as the wicked, will obtain an incorruptible and never-fading kingdom. The souls of the just, when they descend into this region, are conducted by angels to the right hand, to a place of happiness called Abraham's bosom, where they are exempt from the miseries to which men are subject in this life, and wait in joyful expectation of eternal happiness in heaven. The wicked are carried by force to the left hand, and imprisoned in a place contiguous to the lake of eternal fire, the place destined for their punishment after their trial at the day of judgment. They are not only tormented with the fearful expectation of this punishment continually before them, but also with the sight of the just, who are enjoying unalloyed happiness in Abraham's bosom. In this happiness they cannot participate; for a chaos deep and large is placed between them, over which neither the just nor the unjust are able to pass. According to Josephus, therefore, the Jews divided the regions of the dead into three parts: a place of eternal punishment not to be occupied till after the resurrection; a prison where the un-

just are detained until final judgment; and the border of the patriarchs, or Abraham's bosom, where the children of promise, and the faithful followers of truth waited till the Messiah should open to the just the gates of heaven, from which all mankind were excluded by the fall of Adam. There exists a probability that the heathen borrowed their ideas of a future state from the descendants of Abraham. To neither Jew nor Pagan was heaven the place of immediate reward after death; the one reposed in Abraham's bosom, waiting the advent of the Messiah; the other enjoyed, in the Elysian fields, that portion of happiness which he had merited by his good deeds in this life.

We have next to take into consideration the doctrine of the Roman Catholics; and for this purpose I exhibit to the reader an extract from a catechism attributed to Cardinal Bellarmine, and published in the Italian language to facilitate the instruction of the unlearned.

"Hell is the lowest and deepest place in the world, that is the centre of the earth; indeed the scripture often places heaven in opposition to hell, as the highest to the lowest place. But in this depth of the earth there are four, as it were, very great caverns: one for the damned, which is the deepest of all, that the proud demons and the men who have been their followers may be in the place the lowest and most remote from Paradise possible. In the second cavern, which is somewhat higher, are those souls which suffer the pains of purgatory. In the third, which is still higher, are the souls of those children who have died without baptism, who do not suffer the torment of fire, but only the perpetual privation of eternal felicity. In the fourth, which is the highest of all, were the souls of the patriarchs, prophets and other saints who were dead before the coming of Christ, because, though these holy souls did not require to be purified, yet they could not enter into the glory of the blessed, before Christ, by his death, should open the gate of life eternal; wherefore these were in that higher part called limbo of the holy fathers, or bosom of Abraham, where they suffered no pain, but enjoyed a sweet repose, waiting with great jubilation the coming of the Lord; and so we read in the gospel, that the soul of that holy beggar Lazarus was carried by angels to repose in the bosom of Abraham, where it was seen of the rich glutton, who while he burned in the flames of hell, raised his eyes, and sees Lazarus in a much higher place, who was in great joy and consolation, enjoying the fruit of his patience."

The Catechism of the Council of Trent divides the lower regions, hades, or hell, into three parts, defining it to be "those secret abodes in which are detained those souls which have not been admitted to the regions of bliss." The first of these is that most loathsome and dark prison in which the souls of the damned are buried with the unclean spirits in eternal and inextinguishable fire. The fire of purgatory is that in which the souls of just men are cleansed by a temporary punishment, in order to be admitted into their eternal country, into which nothing defiled entereth. The third kind of abode is that into which the souls of the

just, who died before Christ, were received, and where, without experiencing any sort of pain, and supported by the blessed hope of redemption, they enjoyed peaceful repose. To liberate these souls, who, in the bosom of Abraham were expecting the Saviour, Christ the Lord descended into hell.

It may here be observed, that Cardinal Bellarmines' Catechism varies from that of the Council of Trent in having four divisions of the infernal regions, one of which is for the reception of infants who have died without baptism.

The doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the subject of a future state, may be gathered from the following extract:

"The scriptures represent the rewards of heaven and the punishments of hell, as adjudged to the righteous and the wicked at the general judgment and the resurrection. As, therefore it is contrary to reason and scripture to suppose, that after death, the soul is for any time in a state of insensibility, the souls of the righteous and the wicked must remain till the general judgment in a state distinct from the proper heaven of happiness and hell of torment; the souls of the righteous in the joyful expectation of the consummation of their bliss, both in body and soul, in the heavenly kingdom of their Saviour; and the souls of the wicked in fearful anticipation of being doomed to that hell of torment where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

The Protestant Episcopal church appears to be undecided as to the precise meaning of the 5th article of the creed. The catechism just quoted has explained it in the following manner:

"There would be no impropriety in supposing that in the interval between his death and resurrection, Christ went in the place of condemned spirits, to proclaim in the kingdom or residence of the great adversary and destroyer of men, the glorious triumphs of his cross. But Christ's descent into hell is with more propriety thought to mean his descent into the place where the souls of the faithful rest in hope till the resurrection. The word *hell* is expressed in the original by two words, one of which, (*Gehenna*) is used to denote the place of torment, and the other, (*hades*) the place of departed spirits; and in this latter signification it is supposed to be used in the creed."

I would also have noticed the tenets of the modern Greek Church on the same article; for it is said, that though their creed is the same as that of the Latin Church, omitting the words *filioque*, yet they do not hold the Catholic doctrine of a purgatory. But I have no books on this subject. Translations from ecclesiastical writers of the Greek Church are scarce, and our missionaries who reside at Constantinople, or other parts of the Turkish empire, or in the Grecian Islands, appear more anxious to impart instruction to the Greeks than to receive it from them. A circumstance which I regret; for, judging by some specimens of Greek ecclesiastical oratory which have come under my own observation, our clergy would derive more profit from them than from the orations of Demosthenes, supposing they were studied for improvement in eloquence alone.

The condition of the human race after death was probably revealed to Adam, as we find his two sons performing an act of religion at that early period; and we learn from Jewish and Mahometan tradition that mankind were admonished and the true religion taught by the antideluvian patriarchs. We may infer from Scripture that a priesthood existed in the time of Abraham, by whom the exterior rites and ceremonies of religion were preserved, and its doctrines taught. The habitation of the dead is alluded to by the patriarch Jacob, who would go mourning thither because his son, as he supposed, had died a violent death without the rites of sepulture. It is mentioned in the Song of Moses as a place of great depth, where the fire of divine wrath will penetrate, so that it can afford no refuge to the transgressors of the law. Into this region of the dead, Korah and his adherents descended when they rebelled against Moses. In the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, the grave and sepulchre (qbr, tafos, tumbos, mnema,) is the receptacle for the body, while hell (sheol, ades,) is the receptacle of the soul after death, whether the defilements of sin which it may have accumulated in this life during its residence in the body, be few or many.

By an investigation into this subject it will be perceived that both Jews and Greeks, who believe in the immortality of the soul, agreed in assigning to the souls of men after death a region far beneath the surface of the earth, whose happiness or misery, reward or punishment, was meted out to them according to their deeds in this life. But the Gentiles having departed from the true religion had but imperfect views of the ancient and original faith, which they darkened and disfigured with a thousand fables. They knew that evil had entered the world, but they knew not why, and invented the fable of Pandora's box. They knew that the celestial regions were closed to mankind, but could not assign a reason. Far more perfect was the system of faith preserved by the descendants of Abraham. Adam transgressed the divine command, and all things became subject to decay. The human body instead of attaining to greater perfection in the progress of time, and ultimately becoming a fit inhabitant of the ethereal regions, took a downward course, yielding to corruption and decay. Death assumed his dominion, and Time which would have marked his progress to perfection, now points out the certainty of his dissolution. The order of things is reversed. Death has entered the world, the body having become subject to his dominion. The soul too is shut out from heaven, till a Redeemer shall open its gates. It has preferred earth to heaven, and the earth has become its abode, until the Messiah shall come—until all things are restored.

The Christian doctrine, as taught by the Roman Catholics does not, in some points, essentially vary from that of the Jews. They teach, that as the Messiah has already come, the stain of original sin may be washed away by admission into the Christian Church; that the souls of the just cannot enter heaven so long as any defilement of sin remains; and that after death the souls of the just as well as the unjust, will suffer in the lower regions; the just till their sins are expia-

ted, the unjust till the resurrection, when the soul will be united to the body, and all mankind receive rewards or punishments which will be without end.

Nor does the Protestant Episcopal Church lose sight of this most prominent feature of the Jewish doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state.—According to this church, the righteous and the wicked must remain in a middle state till the resurrection, when final judgment will be pronounced.

Had Adam, after the fall, eaten of the tree of life, the miseries consequent on the corruption of his nature would have accumulated on him without being terminated by death. The body would not as now have returned to its native dust; but would have continued through an endless existence subject to care, toil, sickness, old age, and the host of evils which weaken and finally sever the ties which bind us to this world.

Had he before the fall, eaten of the tree of life, he would, indeed, have lived forever, his corporeal nature progressing onward to perfection without the separation of the soul from the body. But it was not a forbidden fruit, and was doubtless eaten by our first parents, for man is immortal, both soul and body; the latter, indeed, subject to temporary dissolution, though finally to be restored at the last day.

I would recommend to such readers as may be desirous of investigating this subject, diligently to examine the discourse concerning hades, which is to be found at the end of the works of Josephus. It is probable that Josephus derived his knowledge of the Jewish doctrine of the resurrection from the same sources as St. Paul, who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; or at least that this was the current doctrine in the time of our Saviour, who appears to have in all cases given it his sanction, in conformity to which it was promulgated by the apostles and their successors throughout the christian world.

I shall conclude by giving a few texts from the scriptures of the Old Testament, as well as the New, to prove that the translators of King James' Bible have not faithfully rendered the word SHEOL or HADES, and that the word ought in many places, either to have been transferred or rendered differently.

In the 23d chapter of Genesis QBR is the Hebrew word for sepulchre. The Greek EN TOIS EKLEKTOIS MNEMEIOIS EMON THAPSON TON NEKRON SOU, may be rendered—"In our choice sepulchres bury thy dead." So also in the 35th chapter, QBRTHH is rendered—"her grave." KAI ESTESEN JAKOB STELEN EPI TORE MNEMEIOU AUTES—"and Jacob erected a pillar on her grave." In these examples the translation is correct, because the original is QBR, which signifies a grave or sepulchre. But it is otherwise when the original is SHEOL or AIDES—the region of departed spirits. As, Gen. xxxvii. Descendam ad filium meum gemens in infernum. Gen. xlii. Deducatis canos meos cum dolore ad inferos.—Job vii. Sic qui descendent ad inferos, non ascendent—Job xiii. Quis mihi hoc tribuat, ut inferno protegas me, et abscondas me.—Pslalm vi. In inferno autem quis confitebitur tibi ?—Psalm lxviii. Sicut oves in inferno positi sunt.

Verumtamen Deus redimet animam meam de manu inferi.—Cant. viii. Dura sicut infernus aemulatio. These are a few among the many passages in the Old Testament where SHEOL is improperly translated *grave* in the version of King James. In the 16th chapter of Numbers, in the same version it is translated *pit*, though in the 42d of Genesis and in other places it is *grave*. The translators would doubtless have found some difficulty in saying that Korah and his company descended into the grave, and evaded it by substituting another word. The Vulgate is uniform in its interpretation:—Descenderuntque vivi in infernum. "They went down alive into the infernal regions." In this sense the word *hell* is almost invariably understood by the Douay translators. In the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse King James' translators have rendered the original correctly; and in so doing have been obliged to acknowledge that *hades* required a different interpretation from that which they had in other places given. They have said that death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them, and that death and hell were cast into the lake of fire; thus tacitly admitting that hell was not a place of eternal punishment, and also that it was not the grave.

To have united with the Catholics in their uniform interpretation of the word Hades would have given a Scriptural support to the doctrine of Purgatory, and it therefore became expedient to give it a different sense when practicable. This could be effected with some degree of plausibility by substituting the abode of the body for that of the soul; that is by saying grave or sepulchre instead of hell or the place of departed spirits. This was sometimes, however, found inconvenient, and they occasionally followed the Catholic interpretation, thus destroying the confidence which ought to have been reposed in a translation which professed to be made direct from the original.

It appears that Jews, Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants have believed and still believe in something not far remote from the idea of a purgatory. Those who read the sacred writings in the original or in such translations as were made prior to the reformation, must necessarily admit that, there was a universal belief in an intermediate place in the invisible world where souls were detained after separation from the body, and this admission must unavoidably lead to the doctrine of purgatory as taught by the Roman Catholic Church; of which doctrine it has been surmised that Catholics believe too much and Protestants too little.*

In treating of this subject, I have perhaps too far transcended the bounds of biblical criticism, and verged into those of theological discussion. If my views are ascertained to be erroneous, it will be incumbent on the Editors of the periodical to which these remarks are offered, to point out the various instances in which I may not have correctly represented the doctrines of their church; for otherwise it would be improper and inconsistent for them to give publicity either to opinions or statements militating against their own standard of faith.

* THE reader will not forget, that the learned author of this article is not a Catholic—and, he has arrived at conclusions (of which few are erroneous) from his own profound investigations. Certain expressions will, therefore, be passed over without a strict theological criticism.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

"I have loved thee upon earth—I shall love thee in heaven."

She gave him the token,
A pledge from her heart
Of a bond they had spoken
Naught earthly should part:
On his finger she placed it
The circlet of gold,
To tell of a fondness
Her lip never told.

In its rim he had graven
Some record of love
Unknown save to him
And the BEING above.
Nor to her was it breath'd,
Tho' she sued and she sought:
The spell was unbroken,
Unutter'd the thought.

On the death-clouded pillow
The pale sleeper lay,
Like a billow exhausted
When winds die away;
And waking, he chided
Time tardy of wing—
And spoke of some secret,
And gaz'd on that ring.

She lov'd him in manhood,
She worshipp'd him now;
Like an angel she bent
O'er the heav'n of his brow.
Thro' noon and thro' midnight
Fond vigil she kept;
She soothed his suff'ring,
She pray'd and she wept.

"'Tis come!" said the dying:
Before me 'tis spread
The long coming future
Dark, boundless and dread!
Come hither my fond one;
Come hither and see;
For heaven hath hallow'd
Its promise to thee."

He spoke of their evenings
In love's golden time—
He spoke of a world
Far more bright and sublime—
He drew from his finger
That ring she had given,
"Take, keep and remember
For me and for heaven!"

Her glance on the relic
A moment she cast—
She gaz'd on her partner—
His spirit had pass'd

* * * * * *

They have met in that promise
With which it was grav'n
I have lov'd thee on earth,
"I shall love thee in heav'n!"

SELECTED.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni."—Hor.

The opening of a New Year is an event which leads even the most thoughtless to some degree of reflection. There is something solemn in the return of these stated memorials of time. They call upon us to some review of our conduct in the years that are past, and to some estimate of what we have gained or lost in our commerce with the world. They remind us of the progress of time, and our advancement to eternity. But, far more than all, they remind us of our dependence upon Him, who is the "Ancient of Days:" who while we change, is still the same, and whose years shall not fail.

Life, while it is thus passing from us all, leaves us the sense of its importance. It was given us for the greatest and most magnificent purpose. It was given us by Him, who alone is good; that we might advance in knowledge, in virtue, in happiness, and aspire to moral and intellectual perfection: and that, at the end of our mortal career, we might join "that innumerable multitude of all nations, and kindred, and tongue, who stand before the Throne and the Lamb forever."

On the return, then, of these seasons by which we number our days, it is wise in us to think, how our years have hitherto been employed; what it is that we have been doing in the time we have enjoyed: and, whether we have indeed been fulfilling the great ends for which we were created. Meditations of this kind become us all: and, while they remind us of the important purposes for which we were born, they fit us to enter upon a new year with comfort and resolution. God grant it may be with these solemn, but elevated sentiments, that all may enter upon the new season, which is given by "Him that liveth forever."

The course of time has led us, as it were, to a higher eminence in the prospect of human nature. The past and the future seem more distinctly to lie before us, and a solemn pause is afforded us, in which we can more truly estimate what life has brought, and what it is to bring. We have arrived at the opening of another year, and have presented at the Throne of Heaven the same petitions which have been offered by the faithful who have gone before us, in every age of that memorable time. They are all now mouldering in their graves; but He that made them never dies. The same ear which listened to their petitions, is now attentive to ours. The same spirit which was in the midst of them, and the infant assemblies of the Church, is, in these moments, in the midst of us: and the same arm, which, in every difficulty or danger, has made the Church of Christ triumphant to our day, is still uplifted to protect the progress of religion. There is something inexpressibly consoling to the weakness of humanity, in this reflection: while we stand, as it were, amid the ruin of time, and see the races of men thus successively rising and falling before us, we see, at the same time, the Eternal Mind that governs the whole design. We see a system carrying on, in which all things are

working together for good to the wise and to the virtuous; and which is to close at last in honor, in glory, and in immortality. Meditations of this kind are fitted to strengthen and elevate every heart. They give a voice to time, which proclaims, as it passes, the goodness of "Him who liveth forever and ever." They are fitted still more to prostrate us, in the opening of a new year, before the Throne of Mercy; to dispose us to cast all our cares upon that God who careth for us, and to subject every thought and desire of our own to the will of Him, in whom alone are all the treasures of wisdom. A.

From an English Catholic Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS ON CHURCH-YARDS AND EPITAPHS.

Being frequently in the habit of rambling through country villages, I can never omit, on such occasions, paying a solitary visit to that receptacle of my fellow-clay, the church-yard. But here, where nothing but serious thoughts should reign; in this spot where truth should guide the chisel, and sober religion the language; here, I say, while I read over the tablet on which is inscribed the real or pretended virtues of a friend, husband, or wife, now no more, I am frequently obliged to turn away with disgust or pity at the uncouth or inappropriate praises expressed on some of these *memoriæ sacræ*. Thus you may frequently see an account of the

"Amiable wife and tender mother,
Few can boast of such another;"

who, during her life, was the terror of the whole neighborhood in which she lived, and all confess that a

"Scolding wife and cruel mother"

would have suited the truth much better.

I have read again on the tomb of the professed swearer and drunkard, that "he lived beloved and died lamented," and the sentence of scripture, *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord*, profaned by being engraven at the bottom of his epitaph, in praise of the virtues which he never practiced, and condemnation of vices which he never shunned. Now such effusions as these from the friends of the deceased, may be all very well to be read by those who were unacquainted with the living characters, but in the minds of those who were witnesses of the profligacy of their lives, they produce nothing but pity and disgust.

To exhibit virtue to the living in the most fascinating forms, and in the most frequent and public manner, no one can be a greater advocate than myself; to exhort the living to imitate the virtues, and shun the vices of the dead is certainly very commendable; but it is painful to see an epitaph of a truly virtuous character engraven on the tomb of one who was, during his life, a public scandal to

the whole neighborhood in which he resided. This surely is not the way to discountenance vice or to encourage virtue. But whence proceeds this inattention to the merits or demerits of the deceased? Does the fault rest with his friends? I answer no: not so much with them as with the stone-mason and clergyman. It is certainly then a great oversight in the latter to permit anything to be engraven on the stones in their respective burial grounds, which does not accord with truth: not a word more should be said of the virtues of the deceased than what he strictly deserved. I speak not of epitaphs which reprobate their vices, for this I believe is never done; indeed to judge from the epitaphs one might suppose that such an animal as a sinner never dies among us, or that sin was never known among us; but alas! how erroneous is such an idea. When living, none are more addicted to talk of the faults of their neighbors than their own brethren, but when dead, not a word must be said of their vices: they may therefore in this particular be accounted the most uncharitable to their friends when living, and the most charitable to them when dead and can receive neither good nor harm from it. I observed, that another cause of this inapplication of epitaphs was the stone-mason: this is owing to its being left in a general way to his choice: it is well known that he has a regular set of such articles, which are frequently left to his own choosing, he having been first made acquainted with the manner of the persons death, whether

"Afflictions sore long time he bore."

or whether it is a favorite child, who is then found exhorting his parents:

"Weep not for me my parents dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here!"

To whom I should say, O cruel parents, to murder your dear and only child by burying it alive, or asleep, which is the same thing: your child tells you in the plainest terms, that he was not dead and yet you bury him! Others who have composed their own epitaphs, seem to have vied with each other in producing those of the most ludicrous nature, as if their whole aim was to make themselves the laughing stock and pity of their survivors. To shew you how successful some have been in accomplishing this point, I will lay a few compositions of this kind before you, which I have copied from stones in different church-yards.

The two first are from the church-yard of Wymondham in Norfolk. First,

"Belov'd when living,
Slighted when dead,
So we bought a stone
To set at her head."

Second—

"My glass is run, my time is spent
Our days are not all of a length."

In another church-yard, a few miles from the former, I copied the following:

"This world is vain and full of pain,
With care and sorrow sure,
And they are best, that are at rest
With Christ for evermore.

This, indeed, is pretty tolerable, but who can read what follows without a smile? They must have marble features, indeed, that are not drawn into a wrinkle on reading the third line thereof.

> "My days were short, my years but few,
> Adieu vain world, I've had enough of you,
> Death seized me till I lost my wind!
> My tender parents left behind."

I at first intended to enlarge further upon this subject, but being pressed for time, must beg to defer it to some future number.

R.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

If ever man resembles superior beings, it is when his soul is filled with sublime thoughts of the Deity, and excited to an admiration of virtue by reflecting on the exquisite workmanship of nature; the contemplation of which is calculated to produce a good moral influence. It is then man seems to leave this earth, and, on the wings of contemplation, hovers round the throne of God—the great fountain of unbounded intelligence.

Such was man's happy state in the golden days of his primeval purity. Unconscious of guilt, he beheld the whole face of nature decked in constant bloom, and the fruits that sprang spontaneously from the earth became so many mementos of his Creator's wisdom and benevolence, and secured in return his gratitude and love. But the spoiler came; man fell;—and the glory of Eden was no more.

Nature mourns: still she is beautiful in tears. Though the frost has nipped the verdant foliage of the rose, yet there is a fragrance diffused round the spot where it once stood. It is not the momentary excitement of feeling, which we experienced on beholding a grotto celebrated for its ghosts and supernatural appearances; nor is it the superstitious reverence, excited by the fancied sacredness of some verdant grove, and the fabled fields of Elysium, that can produce lasting habits of morality and virtue.

It is when we view nature, in all its simplicity and beauty, that the most durable impressions are made on the heart. The opening grove,—the wild flower of the wood,—the lily of the valley,—and the towering oak of the mountain are objects that excite the sensations of beauty; while the lofty heights of the Andes, the snowy summits of the Alps, and the mighty oceans that roll below them, become subjects for contemplation, full of grandeur and sublimity.

If we pursue this train of reflection still further, and contemplate this spacious earth—

> "On which such huge mountains rise,
> And vast oceans roll;"

if we consider that it moves on its orbit, with the amazing velocity of more than

a million miles a day; or if, leaving this earth, and rising higher and higher, we reflect on the unnumbered globes that perform their revolutions through the interminable fields of ether, we must view with unutterable adoration, that Being, from whose forming hand they rolled at first, and whose unutterable decree they never cease to obey.

If there be anything like virtue in man, he must be excited to the highest pitch of admiration, when he beholds a display of goodness so diffusive; of benevolence so expanding, and of honor so stupendous.

But here finite man is lost amid a vast concatenation of worlds and systems; here he seems to be treading on the threshold of his helplessness; yet, raising his reverential eyes to heaven, he looks forward with lively emotions, to that period when he will no longer frame inconsistent theories to account for the formation of the earth; but where he will see, as with the clearness of intuition, those sublime truths which are wholly unknown to him, or which he must view only as fanciful speculations, or as extravagant and problematical hypothesis.

Oh Nature! let thy book sublime
To us be open'd wide;
Thy precepts reach to every clime,
They grasp eternity and time—
Both hoary age and youthful prime,
May in their truth confide.

To him who reads with judging eyes,
And studies, as he should,
Philosophy brings large supplies—
His mind improves, his pleasures rise;
He cannot but be great and wise,
He cannot but be good.

Nor will his march of mind be done,
When this brief life is o'er;
The immortal race not soon is run—
Not soon perfection's prize is won;
There are in space more worlds than one—
And *souls* were formed to *soar*.

THE ORPHANS' HYMNS.

The following hymns were composed by two orphan boys of the New York Prince Street Asylum — neither of whom has yet attained his fourteenth year. We give them publication to shew our readers what promise lies concealed under the orphan's homely garb; and how eminently the institution in which they are reared, deserves the patronage of all charitable men.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Bright angels help us on this day
To sing our infant Saviour's praise;
And while we round our altar pray,
Oh! from the earth our hearts upraise.

Behold, in want and cold He cries,
He, our glorious Lord and King;
But while in poverty He lies,
Come hasten loud hosannahs sing.

Oh! come surround our altar's base—
Ye heavenly spirits come descend—
Come view the lovely Infant's face;
In adoration o'er Him bend.

Oh! wondrous Child! Thou Babe divine,
Inflame our hearts with love for thee—
Ah! to the orphan's prayer incline,
And bless us with thy charity.

ORPHAN'S COMMUNION HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sweet Babe reposing in my heart,
Oh! make me burn for thee;
And never from my soul depart,
But stay, oh! stay with me.

Fill'd with thy holy presence now,
I care no more for earth;
Nor can my soul a thought allow,
But of thy sacred birth.

Oh! keep us from all wilful sin,
Protect us from our foe;
And ever dwell, sweet Babe, within
Our hearts through life below.

Oh! cause us now, our infant King,
To live for thee alone,
And make the buds of virtue spring,
From seeds which Thou hast sown.

We promise ne'er again to swerve,
Dear infant King, from Thee;
Ah no! but faithfully we'll serve
Our God of charity.

Now seal, sweet Babe, the compact made,
Between our souls and Thee—
Oh! never may thy frowns upbraid
Our want of constancy.

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